

INDUSTRIAL PAGEANT FOR "4TH" VISITORS

City's Manufacturers Rapidly Joining Movement to Help Celebrate Learn of City's Progress.

An opportunity to know Philadelphia will be given the thousands of visitors who will come here for the national Fourth of July celebration. It will be afforded by the plans of Councils' Fourth of July Committee, and also through the proposed industrial and civic demonstration, which has been endorsed by scores of local manufacturers whose products have national reputation.

That those attending the event may obtain a proper conception of the city's scope, Councils' Fourth Committee is mapping out a plan that will enable the visitors to see all the historical points of interest without interfering with the general celebration, and in this connection probably will name July 5 as "Seeing Philadelphia" day. Arrangements are being made to have speakers at Valley Forge and other historical places, who will explain their history so that the pilgrimages will be interesting and of educational value.

There is a hearty spirit of co-operation already manifested among the city's leading manufacturers and business men. Louis J. Kolb, president of the Kolb Baking Company, said today that his establishment would join with others in helping to make the proposed industrial celebration a success.

"I doubt whether any city in the country has more attractions than Philadelphia," said Mr. Kolb, "and this get-together spirit to show the products of the city's manufacturers is especially timely. The country should be more fully acquainted with what Philadelphia is doing, and the proposed demonstration would do the story very effectively and practically. There is no doubt of the success results which would result. Our establishment will be very glad of the opportunity to have an exhibit typical of progress in the present. If all the city's manufacturers join to make the affair a success the visitors who witness the event will be profoundly impressed by the demonstration."

H. H. Myers, of H. H. Myers & Co., rug manufacturers, Coral and DuPont streets, spoke along the same lines and will work for the success of the celebration.

Up to the present time, exhibits of Philadelphia-made trolley cars, hats, automobiles, pianos, clothing, bread, machinery, cigars, hosiery, motor trucks and other essentials to life and progress are already assured.

COL. JOSEPH W. HAWLEY, VETERAN AND BANKER, DEAD

Long Prominent in Financial and Social Circles of Media. MEDIA, Pa., May 6.—Colonel Joseph W. Hawley, aged 59 years, prominent in financial and social circles, died at his home here at midnight last night. He was Colonel of the 12th Pennsylvania throughout the Civil War.

Colonel Hawley was cashier of the First National Bank of Media from March 3, 1871 until April 10, 1884, and president from April 10, 1884, until December 4, 1905, when he resigned on account of failing health. He was succeeded by William H. Miller, the incumbent.

Colonel Hawley was a director and formerly was president of the American Pipe Company and a member of the board of governors of the Glen Mills School. He was to have entertained the members of the prize drill class of the latter institution at his home here on Saturday next.

Colonel Hawley was employed in the National Bank of Chester County when the Civil War began. He organized a company and was in front as a part of the 12th Pennsylvania at Gettysburg. On the field he was made colonel of the regiment. He was wounded in service.

He is survived by his widow and one daughter, Mrs. J. M. Thompson, who resides in winter at the Rittenhouse, Philadelphia, and in summer at the Idlewild, Media.

\$839,265 FOR A BABY

Navy Officer's Daughter Inherits Income From Trust Fund.

NEW YORK, May 6.—Little Luella Spafford, a year and nine months old, daughter of Lieutenant Commander Edward E. Spafford, U. S. N., is heir to the income for life from a trust fund of \$839,265 created out of the estate of her grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth Millan Stevens, widow of John Rhineland Stevens, who died in 1874. The fact came to public notice with the filing of the appraisal of Mrs. Stevens' estate in the office of the State Comptroller.

GOODBY TO THE BENSONS

Commandant and Wife Will Receive at Navy Yard This Evening.

A farewell reception to Commandant and Mrs. Benson, who will leave the Philadelphia Navy Yard on Monday, will be held in the sail loft of the yard today from 5 to 7 o'clock. Commandant and Mrs. Benson will receive, assisted by Captain W. S. Smith.

Officers of the reserve fleet and navy yard, as well as friends from other parts of the city, will attend the affair. Owing to the shortness of time for preparation, no formal invitations were issued.

The Hop Committee, which has arranged dances at League Island during the season, has arranged today's reception. They are Captain W. S. Smith, Commander Frank Lyon, of the reserve fleet; Paymaster James A. Bull and Paymaster E. S. Stalmaker.

AN OUTSIDER—A GIRL'S ADVENTURES IN SOCIAL PIRACY

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE, Author of "The Lone Wolf," "The Brass Bowl," Etc.

Copyright, 1914, by Louis Joseph Vance. SYNOPSIS. BILLY MANWARR, 27 years old, out of work and desperate, is locked out on the roof of the house he rents. Driven to seek shelter by a storm, he tries the door of a house and finally enters the home of a rich family. He is attracted to Sally, a beautiful girl, who is trying to open a safe. He works with her until the man is suddenly attacked by another burglar. The two men grapple and the first is likely to be victorious when Sally breaks in, seizes a revolver which has been dropped by the burglar, and covers the man with the one in blue serge. The first burglar, assuming that she is helping him, and she drives out the other. Billy goes from the house.

Waiting amiably, Sally meets the burglar who has been arrested at Grand Central station. She is in the possession of a communication to Boston. They go down to the restaurant, and here the burglar reveals the "lurker" reveals himself as Walter Savage, brother of the owner of the house into which Billy blundered. He was opening the safe, which he had forgotten not to mention when he had confessed to attacking him. As Sally hears this confession, Adele comes in. The matter is explained to her, and she is given a letter from Billy to come as a secretary to her aunt. She takes the letter and goes to her aunt's home. A telegram announces that the burglar who was first driven off by Sally stands back to go, and that she may collect her burglar insurance. There are two men waiting at the house, Lylettion and Trego. The former attracts her, who seems out of place and who feels that Sally, too, is "an outsider." He goes into the grounds late at night, and she follows him. Lylettion is disrespectful and they quarrel, and half the things occur. There is a signal light from the house, and she goes back. Mrs. Standish finds that Sally has met a peculiar man, but before she says anything Sally will keep quiet concerning the burglar. Mrs. Standish's interference infuriates Sally. He tells Sally that a boat landed near the house, and that the man who was with her, Mrs. Standish, will know of the affair. The burglar is employed by Sally on secretarial duties.

CHAPTER XI—(Continued).

Obediently Sally took her place at the typewriter, arranged a sheet of paper by Mrs. Gonsold for correspondence with personal friends (as distinguished from the formal letterhead of Gonsold House, with its listing of telephone numbers and telegraph, postoffice, railroad, and steamboat addresses), dipped a pen, and waited with a mind preoccupied by visions of the night to come. "First ball!" The first real function of Society. "My dear friend," Mrs. Gonsold enunciated deliberately in a colorless, pitched voice. "Colonel, dash, paragraph! It was only late last night, and then by mere chance. I believe you had come to the island yesterday instead of sailing last week, in accordance with your announced intention (period). So I cannot decently begin by berating you (dash) as I should, had you been here twenty-four hours without personally letting me know (period)."

A pause. Sally dreamed a beautiful dream of a crimson coat, before she was interrupted by a forecast of autumn fashions, an iridescent bubble of a dream shattered by the query: "Where was I, please?" "Letting me know," she quoted absently. "Oh, yes. (Paragraph) I hope with all my heart your change of plans was not brought about by an untoward accident (semicolon); but Italy's loss is the island's gain (semicolon); and I am looking forward with the keenest pleasure to seeing you again (period, paragraph)."

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"Another contemplative pause. But this time Sally did not dream. She was quite silent, and she was quite silent. Her intentions toward another woman without expecting to reap some benevolent reward. That's all that bothers me. I can't understand what they want with you. But I believe implicitly every word you've uttered. I choose to set you adrift? See how you've upset me already; metaphor is never safe in a woman's hands, but I seldom am as bad as all that!"

Sally sniffed absently. "I'm willing to do anything." "You've done enough. Be content. If it were not for you and what you've been able to tell me, I'd—Well, no matter; I don't know what I'd do. As it is—Look here!" She paused in front of Sally, dropped one hand to rest on the girl's shoulder, with the other lifted her chin, expelling her tear-wet eyes with a gaze at once charitable and discriminating.

"I've taken a fancy to you, if you are a bit of an idiot, and I believe implicitly every word you've uttered. I choose to set you adrift? See how you've upset me already; metaphor is never safe in a woman's hands, but I seldom am as bad as all that!"

dear, will never make a good liar; the first woman who spoke together I saw your eyes wince, and knew you were tormented by something on your conscience. Moreover, the last person Edna English would send any one with a letter of recommendation is the one who has not yet been proved guilty of one unwholesome act. So I thought I'd test the story. Now you may tear up that note—Mrs. English is in Italy this very day, to the best of my belief—and tell me what it's all about."

CHAPTER XII. MME. MACHIAVELLI.

Within the span of an exceedingly bad quarter of an hour Sally the cat was completely out of the bag, the fat as irretrievably in the fire; Sally was out of breath and in tears of penitence and despair; Mrs. Gonsold was out of her chair, she thought fully pacing to and fro, and in full possession of all facts and materials bearing upon the translation of S. Manwarr of the hardware notions into S. Manwarring of the Golden Destiny.

No vital detail had escaped her penetrating probe; she proved herself past mistaking the art of cross-examination, and found in Sally a willing witness. For the latter, however, it had seemed less giving of testimony than a hysterical confession. She had wrung her conscience, she had wrung from the one sort of awful joy mitigated by the one regret; that she had not more to confess, that the mystery of her favoring mist might remain a mystery, which, with all the good-will in the world, no word of hers could elucidate.

As for the secret history of last night's dark transactions, however, that was not altogether hers to disclose. The interests and affairs of others were involved, she dared not guess how disastrously; she was only sensitive to the feeling that something black and foul and hideous skulked behind that shut door. Heaven forbid that she should be the hand to open it and let ruin loose upon this peaceful world of Gonsold House!

It seemed incumbent upon her to explain that Mrs. Standish had brought to her room a jewel case for her to hide or otherwise dispose of. Beyond this she feared to go. She would not mention Lylettion or Trego or the yacht, or the window of the signals.

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Thanks to the tardy advertisement of the fete, the avidity of a people to seek some new thing, and the fame of Abigail Gonsold as an entertainer of eccentric genius, that day could hardly be said to wane; rather it waxed to its close in an atmosphere of electric excitement. The colony dined like some huge dynamo with the rumor of secret preparation against the night. Other than servants scurrying to and fro on pressing but mysterious errands, few walks were visible in the afternoon; the drives and beaches, the lawns, terraces, courts, gardens, verandas and casinos were one and all deserted.

"Oh, I promise—I do promise!" Sally protested, peremptory. "But, Mrs. Gonsold—" "Well, what now?" "I suppose," said Sally, "the only way to show my gratitude is by serving you faithfully."

"You might," the elder woman interposed in a quizzical tone, "spare me, if you can, a little affection, since it seems I've lost that of my sister's children, together with their respect?" "I don't think you'll ever complain for want of that," Sally told her very seriously. "But can you afford to run the risk of the police coming here to find Sarah Manwarr, who disappeared last week after breaking into a house, burglarizing it, leaving her discarded clothing behind her for one possible clue?"

"You must make your mind easy as to that; unless I'm vastly mistaken, no police will ever look for you in Gonsold House; if any did, they wouldn't be admitted; and if by any chance they did happen to get in, they wouldn't find Sarah Manwarr. Please understand, you're to remain Sara Manwarring for some time to come—for good, if I think best. Don't imagine I'm going to permit you to resume your right name and spoil everything. I hope I make myself clear."

"And—gentle me—you're not to give Adele, or Walter, either, when he gets here, any reason to suspect you've confided in me. I wish everything to go on precisely as it has been going—so far as possible; when it isn't possible, give them a dose of their own medicine if necessary—I mean, lie. There's an explosion coming, but I don't wish it to happen until I'm sure who and what is going to be blown sky-high, and I am quite prepared to stand by and enjoy the fireworks. Meantime, don't let anybody frighten you; but these things are serious matters, may seem or be represented to you as they please. And whatever is said to you that seems of any consequence—or if you should see anything—find some way to get word to me, if I think best. Do you say you did with that jewel case Adele gave you?"

"Sally repeated her account of its hiding place. "You didn't unwrap it, you say. Well, and good!" Mrs. Gonsold nodded contentedly. "Then don't leave it as it is, and some time today, if I can manage without being observed, I'll drop into your room and have a look at the box myself. But you are on no account to come to touch it until I give you leave."

"If Adele and Walter were to know now," Sally said with a tremor, "they would know you've done nothing. But you are on no account to come to touch it until I give you leave."

Momentarily the elder woman was lost in a reverie of semimelancholic cast, to judge by the smile that faintly shadowed the firm lines of her handsome face. "Surprise party"—she observed absently.

"Of a sudden, with a sort of snap, she roused herself back to more immediate attention. "Oh, come! the morning almost gone already; nothing accomplished. Off with you! But before you go, do, for goodness' sake, attend to your eyes; if some one were to see you going through the hall, you'd be sure to get into some mischief. Bathe them with cold water in the bathroom there—and you'll find plenty of powder and stuff on my dressing table."

And while Sally hastened to profit by this advice, the other pursued: "You should school yourself never to cry, my girl. You're too sensitive and emotional now—see, if you do so on this way, at the least excuse—great Heavens! is not a humid married life you'll lead! Now let me look at you. That's much better. You'll do very well—if only you've not enough not to worry—to trust me, what's the emergency. Now, please, get about my errands. And when you come back, tell Thomas to let me know. If I need you during the day I'll send for you."

Her social education had made a gigantic forward stride with her surprising discovery that a confession is good for the soul, that honesty in all things is not only expedient, but wholesome. If material advantage had accrued upon her through the act of desperate honesty, if she basked all this day long in the assurance of immunity from the consequences of her folly and imprudence, it was less with the arrogance of Fortune's favorite daughter than with the humility of one to whom life had measured out benefactions of which she was consciously undeserving. The assertion that the world is a cruel and unkindly place, and that recalled would have been revised to the sense that she owed the world the duty of honorable and conscientious living. If her temper was tolerably exalted, it was well chastened to boot.

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ALL DARBY DIGS DEEP FOR BURIED TREASURE

Miss Henderson's Vision Causes Great Excitement, But No Profit So Far.

Listen. Out yonder on the shores of the Darby Creek a near-tragedy has been enacted. But true to Darby, nothing happened. Just the same, there is a general feeling of distrust among the inhabitants, who took everything as it came and let it go the same. The real estate men are broken hearted; in fact, more so than the rest of the population. They are more than a hundred dollars out for a few nicely painted signs which read: Darby Has Come Into Its Own. Buy Real Estate. And Find a Treasure in Your Back Yard.

These signs are now reclining on the dump heaps. GRACE HENDERSON'S VISION. It happened this way. Grace Henderson, who lives on Island road alongside of the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge, was retiring the other night, when her attention was attracted by a noise of wheels in front of the house. She looked out to see two men get out of a small carriage, quietly but quickly dig a hole in the road, deposit a small black satchel.

After replacing the dirt, they drove off. All this, according to Miss Henderson, was done in a considerably spooky manner. She didn't like it a bit, and told her mother so the next morning. The mother told a neighbor, who told her daughter, who, being deeply in love with John, thought it only her duty to impart the information to him. He, being some secret society, immediately rushed to his "chieftain" with the remarkable news that there was buried treasure. It took 15 minutes for the news to get through every neighborhood in Darby and Paschall, a nearby community.

EVERYBODY DIGGING FOR IT. Soon the crowd had gathered around the spot, which had since been marked by a broom stuck in the ground. Soon the digging began. Everybody who had anything from a spade to a spoon, got to work. The sweet dreams of riding in town in a limousine instead of a flat wheeler swayed the dreams of a hundred valiant gold seekers. The police at the 65th and Woodland avenue station heard of it and sent a squad over to protect the spot, but inside of 10 minutes they caught the disease and were digging themselves. (This was denied at the station this morning.)

At the 3-foot depth, one spade struck something oblong and black. All dropped their implements and breathlessly watched the lucky one dig it out. It was a flagstone. The fervor increased. The crowd grew. Madly they dug, some into the road, some in the yards and some into the side of the embankment of the Pennsylvania Railroad's elevated tracks. This was stopped when two track workers had happened along and threatened to "shoot the place up" unless they desisted.

At the 5-foot depth an assortment of oyster shells was brought to light, while at the 10-foot depth hard granite put an end to the little party. Later the police ordered the few hundred holes, which gave the impression of a dug up graveyard, to be filled in again. Several days have passed and the treasure has not been found. That it was buried is proved by the loosened earth that was found the next morning, but where it was buried is beyond the comprehension of most of the Darby-Paschall inhabitants.

CAT'S PAW RUBBER HEELS

Are worn regularly today by thousands of people who have tried other kinds first. Get a pair yourself—then your shoes will be more comfortable—they will wear longer, and you will walk with a new buoyancy and lightness. For only half a dollar you can have your shoes shod with Cat's Paw Heels, and make your step as easy as the Cat's own.

That Foster Friction Plug took rubber heels out of the slippery class. It prevents thousands of accidents. Then again that Foster Plug resists wear, and the extra quality of rubber affords greater resiliency—meaning not only comfort but economy. No holes to track mud and dirt. They cost no more than the ordinary kind—and the name is easy to remember. All dealers and repair men—50 cents attached—black or tan.

FOSTER RUBBER COMPANY 105 Federal Street, Boston, Mass. Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping.

A Very Special Bargain for Clean-Up Week!

A combined Electric Stove and Grill—El Grilstovo—at the uncommonly small price of \$3.35

The regular price, effective after May 8th, is \$5.00. This stove is one of the handiest, all-round electric appliances—it boils, fries, toasts and broils, both below and above the glowing coils. Performs two cooking operations simultaneously at the cost of one. You can use it in the kitchen or on the dining-room table. Remember the \$3.35 price is good during this week only—better order yours today.

Note—This is the Stove which you saw advertised in the May 1st issue of the "Saturday Evening Post"



Set out Roses in May for flowers in June.

You'll find a list of the best kinds, how to plant and to care for them, on Page 852 of the issue of

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

That is out TODAY Five Cents The Copy

If you were an Austrian—could you pray for the Russians?

Could you invoke a blessing on the Cossacks who ravished your border villages, who cut down your sons—who sent you and your family fleeing terror-stricken into exile? Would you feel it your duty to love rather than to hate your enemies?

In next Sunday's Public Ledger the most eloquent preachers of the American pulpit discuss a new phase of the great conflict.

EXCLUSIVELY IN SUNDAY'S PUBLIC LEADER